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Sketch of (The Children

of

Dr. William Paine

1774—1869)

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By

MRS. E. O. P. STURGIS

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A SKETCH OF THE CHILDREN OF DR. WILLIAM PAINE.

“ We are like shadows and
Like shadows we depart.”

It is now more than thirty years since the youngest and last of Dr. Paine's children passed away, and as I am the only person living who knows anything about the elder members of that family, it may be well for me, before I too go hence, to write down what I remember of them. Not that there was anything of importance in their lives to recall or any events to commemorate, but because years hence some one interested in ancient lore may care to read some notice of a family which, including the third generation of the elder branch, has for more than one hundred and fifty years been identified with the little village, the town and the city of Worcester. The “Paine family” is fast dying out, and will soon, like many other of the old Worcester families, become extinct.

Dr. Paine was married on the 23d of September, 1773, to Miss Lois Orne of Salem, he having probably become acquainted with her when he was, to quote John Adams, “studying physic,” as a young medical student with Dr. Holyoke in that town. This “Orne family” is descended from an Englishman by the name of John Horne, of humble parentage, who was born and bred in the parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, London, and earned his living by working at the trade of a carpenter. He came to this country in the fleet with Winthrop and settled in Salem in 1630, becoming, in 1631, a freeman in that town, and was styled “a builder of houses.” Dr. Bently says he was a “Deacon in The Church” for fifty years,—then a title

of more significance than in these latter days, and one which would have given him the right at that period to be called "A God fearing man." In the earliest records of Salem his name is spelt "John Horne," but he died in 1685, aged eighty-two years and left a will, signed John Orne. In an early record I read the following:

"As the early settlers lapsed into the habit of spelling or writing their names as they were sounded, the employment of certain letters appeared to be useless; consequently they were omitted. The signing of the name *John Orne* to so important a document as a last Will and Testament would not at that time be considered an illegal or an unnatural act."

And again, "When John Horne of Salem died in 1685, leaving a will, which he had signed as John Orne, there seems to have been no questions raised; he had, however, been a prominent man, and slight differences in the spelling of names were not infrequent." "John Orne," as he must now be styled, left a large family of children, of whom I can learn nothing, except that his oldest daughter was named "Recompense." This Christian name, with Submit, Patience, Deliverance and Prudence, was frequently bestowed on girls in the old colonial days. A grandson of John Orne, by the name of Timothy, a favorite name for boys in former times, was my great-great-grandfather, and was married in 1709, to Lois Pickering, of a noted family in Essex County and elsewhere. They had fifteen children, but there are only two of them of whom I have any knowledge. Lois married Thomas Lee; and Timothy, Jr.,—a Harvard graduate—my great-grandfather, married Rebecca Taylor of Lynn, who was born in 1727; and from these two couples have come down an immense family connection of Lees, Cabots, Paines, Saltonstalls, Pickmans, Gardners, Peabodys, Macks, Cushings, Clarks, Loring and others too numerous to mention. Timothy Orne, Jr., had five children: Mrs. Clark Gaton Pickman, from whom Dr. George B. Loring

was descended; Rebecca, who was married to Joseph Cabot; Esther to Rev. Dr. John Clark, the minister of the First Church in Boston, who died in its pulpit in 1798; and Lois, my grandmother, the wife of Dr. William Paine. There was one son, Timothy, 3d, who married a daughter of Judge William Pyncheon.

You have all doubtless read the "House of Seven Gables," and will recall the fact that the family that lived there bore the name of Pyncheon, and that Judge Pyncheon, so styled, though not a resident of the mansion, died in it, he being the "evil one" of the family. The real Judge Pyncheon was a shining light in the community, a man of mark in the "old Witch Town," and one whom his townspeople looked up to with great respect, so one cannot wonder that when the novel was published, the descendants of Judge Pyncheon called upon Mr. Hawthorne for an explanation for taking such "an unwarrantable liberty with the name of their ancestor, one honored from the earliest days of the Colony." The answer of Hawthorne to this charge is too long to quote here, but it is interesting and may be read in the "Diary of William Pyncheon," published by one of his descendants, the late Dr. E. F. Oliver.

The father of Mrs. Paine seems to have been a man of means, for he gave to each of his daughters when they married £3,000, a large sum in those days, and a silver table service. His house, an old colonial mansion, is still standing, and was probably in his day on the outskirts of Salem, but is now in the business portion of it, and used for business purposes. This "Orne family" seem to have been large ship owners, and in turning over the leaves of an old record, I find page after page filled with the names of vessels, either owned or chartered by them, for they were largely interested in the East India trade. Their wills also indicate that they owned a large quantity of real estate in Essex County. Although the descendants of "John Horne" called themselves "Orne," the original name was

not forgotten, and Mrs. Sparks, the widow of the late President of Harvard College, told me that in her early days in Salem, if any member of the family did anything out of the common course of things, that the old crones would sing out, "There never was a horn without a crook." The "Orne Kink," too, was a designation given to any of the family, if they departed from well trodden paths, or elected to live their lives to suit themselves, and not after the fashion of their neighbors.

There is an oil painting in existence of Lois Orne, the wife of the first Timothy, and one of her son Timothy and of his wife Rebecca. The two last are nearly full length. He, as a young man, is dressed in the conventional costume of the day, wearing a wig; she, in a blue silk dress, made with elbow sleeves, and much white about the open neck, and on her head she wears a little muslin cap, and holding a flower in her hand. A photograph of this picture of Rebecca Orne, my great-grandmother, may be seen in a book called, "Two Centuries of Costume," recently published by Alice Morse Earle. My grandmother too was painted as a little girl, perhaps of three years of age. The tiny child is standing, dressed in white silk, her gown long, made after the fashion of her mother's, and on her head she too wears a little cap and in her hand she holds a rattle. These old portraits now belong to Robert Saltonstall of Boston, and the little Lois looks down from her place on the wall of the house on her grandchildren in the fifth generation.

Dr. Paine took his bride to Worcester, where they apparently lived with his father, Judge Timothy Paine, and where their first child was born, the only one of their children born in that town. Now here I shall have to drop the threads of my story, and not gather them together again until October 5th, 1784, on which date Judge Pyncheon notes in his diary the arrival of Dr. Paine and family from Halifax in Salem—and what a relief it must have been



to settle down among their kinsfolk and acquaintances, after all those years of banishment from their home. Here Dr. Paine bought a house, one still standing in Summer street, and began the practice of his profession, which was a large and lucrative one; and to again quote Judge Pyncheon—I read in his diary of dinner, card and tea parties at my grandfather's house, and of Dr. Paine and his wife attending such gatherings at the houses of their friends—of a dancing school for the children, and other recreations of a simple nature. The Judge writes: "At evening Mrs. Paine and family go to dancing-school, and are much entertained there." Dr. Paine went to Worcester soon after his arrival in Salem, to visit his parents, and Mrs. Paine accompanied him, and some of the family visited them in return.

In 1793, Dr. Paine removed to Worcester and took possession of the family estate called "The Oaks," and here he lived until 1833, when he died, never leaving his home again except for short visits to his relatives in Boston and Salem. My grandmother died in 1822.

Let us look at Lincoln street as it probably was in those days. Some way down the street was the "Old Hancock House," occupied by Levi Lincoln the elder. Then came the Timothy Paine house, and beyond the "Hancock Arms." Daniel Waldo the elder removed from Lancaster to Worcester in 1782 and was now living in the Chandler house in Lincoln Sq. His hardware store stood, so he advertises, July 21, 1785, "on the east side of the bridge over Mill Brook, and opposite the Prison."

Opposite "The Oaks" was the "Noah House,"* and in front of the Hancock House, a barn. There may have been other houses in the street, but if so I never heard of them. In the Paine family there were five children,

* Mrs. Bancroft in her letter to her daughter concerning the family of her father John Chandler spells the name of "Noah" "Noa."

Esther, Harriet, William, Eliza and Frederick. In the Lincoln family there were seven, Levi, Enoch, Waldo, John, William, Rebecca and Martha. These little Whigs and Tories soon became acquainted with each other, and unmindful of the animosity which had formerly existed between their parents, engendered by the Revolution, played together, having ample playground in this rural thoroughfare, the old post road to Boston; and so contracted friendships with each other which only ended with their lives.

On Salisbury street lived Dr. Aaron Bancroft, with a large family of children, who were second cousins to the Paine children; but if all the thirteen were born in the Salisbury street house, I am not sure. The elder ones were Henry, John, Eliza, Mary, Thomas, Jane and George, who was born in 1800. It was not until after the late Levi Lincoln married Penelope Sever that these three families became of kin to each other. Down in Lincoln square lived little Stephen Salisbury, the only child of his parents, whom George Bancroft used to lead into mischief—but I will let the old historian tell his own story. In Washington, not long before he died, he received a visit from a nephew of Madam Salisbury, and reverting to the days of his youth, he said, “Your Aunt Salisbury did not like me, and she said I was a wild boy. She was always fearful that I would get her son into bad ways, and still more alarmed lest I should be the cause of his being brought home dead. I used to beguile Stephen to a pond in the vicinity, and having constructed a rough sort of raft, he and I would pass a good deal of our playtime in aquatic amusements, not by any means unattended with danger. His mother’s remonstrances were all in vain, and though nothing serious occurred beyond an occasional wetting, yet I never rose in her estimation, and a wild bad boy I continued to be up to manhood.”

Lincoln street and Salisbury street seem far apart, but

the Lincoln and Paine children had only to run down the hill at the back of their houses and the Bancrofts to run through the woods in the rear of their house, and they met on common ground, for in those days, to use a Scotch phrase, the Lincoln, Paine and Salisbury estates "marched with each other." Stephen Salisbury had only to come from his back gate, and he could in a few moments join his playmates. Crossing where the Rural Cemetery now is, through the woods, they could in five minutes be at one of the points where the Lincoln and Paine grounds join. Most all of these young people lived to be old men and women, and the larger part of them are now resting quietly on the spot which once resounded with their joyous laughter. What a playground had these young people! Four hundred acres at least over which they had full sway. In the winter Lincoln and North Ponds on which to skate; coasting on Lincoln street, for in those days the hill was very steep, and if the snow was beaten down, they could coast half way down it. In the autumn there were butternuts, chestnuts, shag or shell barks and pignuts, and apples everywhere for them to gather. In the early spring and summer there were plenty of flowers in blossom—lilies on Lincoln's Pond, anemones, hepaticas, pigeon berries and other wild flowers, while the young leaves of the checkerberry, the special name of which I have forgotten, and ground pine grew on the western side of the water. On the eastern side was plenty of mint, and on the Paine land near at hand wild iris and cat-o-nine-tails were to be found. In the woods there were wild geraniums and columbines, while over at the Hermitage laurel grew in profusion on the banks of the pond, and near by the brilliant cardinal flower flourished in the damp soil. On the top of Mrs. Noah's hill grew pennyroyal, which children used to gather to keep mosquitoes away.

Wild strawberries grew in the pastures; and thimble and raspberry bushes inside the fences, yielded fruit; while

the wild grape and blackberry vines ran over the low stone walls,—all affording great pleasure for these young people.

Esther Orne Paine was the oldest of Dr. Paine's children. She was born at Worcester August 29, 1774; and married her cousin, Joseph Cabot of Salem, September 10, 1795, and left Worcester to reside in that town. Mr. Cabot soon died, leaving her with two young children, Joseph Sebastian and William Paine Cabot, with limited means, so she returned to Worcester. Dr. Paine seems to have been fond of these grandchildren, for when I was a child there stood in the chaise house with Judge Paine's glass coach, a beautiful little carriage, which he had imported from England—so Miss Cabot their aunt stated—for their use; and the high chair he provided for them to sit in at the table is still in existence. I have heard that Mrs. Cabot was an attractive woman, and had many offers of marriage, to none of which would Dr. Paine give his consent. Finally one offer was so unexceptional that it was only when her father promised not to interfere in any future matrimonial arrangements, did she agree to give this one up. Mrs. Cabot drifted back to Salem after a time, and soon a new suitor appeared on the scene in the person of Mr. Ichabod Tucker, or as he was usually called "Squire Tucker." He had been a lawyer in Haverhill, but now was Clerk of the Courts in Salem, in which town he was held in great esteem. Mr. Tucker, though not born in Worcester, was connected with a family who resided there, who did not belong by any means to what Disraeli calls in one of his novels "the high nobility," of Worcester, and Dr. Paine being critical on such points, was much displeased with the match. The two sons of Mrs. Cabot were equally so; and the eldest, who then was a Harvard student, refused to go with his mother to her new home, but went to live with his grandmother Cabot, whose house and property he inherited and in which he continued to reside the larger part of his long life. The

wedding took place at Mrs. Cabot's home, and the younger son, much against his wishes, was obliged to obey his mother and go with her, though at the last moment he refused to get into the carriage waiting at the door, to take the bridal party to Mr. Tucker's house, and it required some stronger force than moral suasion before the young gentleman was safely landed in the vehicle. In the meantime the driver of the coach leaned over from his seat and taking part in the fray, said, "Come now, William, you behave yourself, and be a good boy and get in." A looker-on gave me an amusing account of the affair. This youth did not remain long in Salem after this date, but returned to Worcester and lived with Dr. Paine until 1823 when he rejoined his mother in Salem, where he died in early manhood. Mrs. Tucker died on February 1st, 1854, the last years of her life being entirely uneventful. She was not a handsome woman, but a dignified and high bred one in appearance and might have been called, as she was, "A lady of the old school." In her younger days, she had realized all the hardships arising from the Revolution—for she recalled the hurried journey from Worcester to Newport, then in the possession of the British army; the long and wearisome journey to Halifax with her mother to meet her father; the desolate life on the "Island of La Tête," in Passamaquoddy Bay, given to Dr. Paine by the English government; and the life in St. John, where she was surrounded by her kinsfolk. In her youth she had imbibed the political opinions of her father and she died as she had lived, an uncompromising British subject.

The second child of Dr. Paine, born at Newport, only lived a few weeks. The third, Harriet, was probably born at Halifax Nov. 21, 1779. She was married in Worcester March 17, 1802, to Joseph Warner Rose, an Englishman, and a West Indian planter. Mrs. Rose accompanied him to Antigua, where she lived on a plantation, called "The Valley." There were nine children, but only two of them



lived to grow up. One was the late Mrs. John C. Lee of Salem, and the youngest Mrs. Dr. George Chandler of Worcester. Mrs. Rose was said to have been a woman of great personal beauty, and to have had many admirers, and among them the Richard Derby of his day, who, tradition says, once kneeled and imploringly offered himself to the handsome Harriet Paine. Mrs. Rose, unlike her sister Mrs. Tucker, who had become a Unitarian, retained her interest in the Episcopal church, for her royalist father had taught her in her youth to worship church and state, and to pray for King and Queen and all the royal family, and in her pew in St. Peter's, she prayed every sunday for the President and all others in authority. Mrs. Rose died in Salem June 20, 1860, aged eighty years.

William Fitz Paine,* the fourth child of Dr. Paine, was born in Halifax, N. S., November 2, 1783. He entered Harvard College, 1797, remaining there only three years, and from this time until 1821, he seems to have led a wandering life in foreign countries, mostly in the Far East, engaged in mercantile pursuits, coming home from time to time to visit his family. Among other places where he resided was Port Louis, in the Island of Mauritius, and I have heard my father say that he met him by accident once in the street there, they not having seen each other for some years. From 1821, Mr. Paine resided in Batavia, in the island of Java, where he founded a commercial house under the title of Paine, Stricker & Co. He died suddenly on July 21, 1834. When found he was lying on a couch, the book he had been reading having fallen over his face. I have heard recently the apparent cause of his expatriating himself as he did, for so many years. It seems there was a handsome young girl in Worcester, a distant relative, with whom he was in love, but she did

* Mr. William Fitz Paine, fourth child of Dr. Paine, took the middle name of "Fitz," meaning the "son of," to distinguish him from his father.

not smile on him, and he took the disappointment so much to heart, that he left the country and never returned to it again.

Years later an American man-of-war touched at the Island of Java, on board of which was a midshipman, a nephew of the lady referred to above, who went to Batavia to pay his respects to his kinsman, and Mr. Paine made the most minute enquiries after his aunt, who had been married for many years to another suitor for her hand.

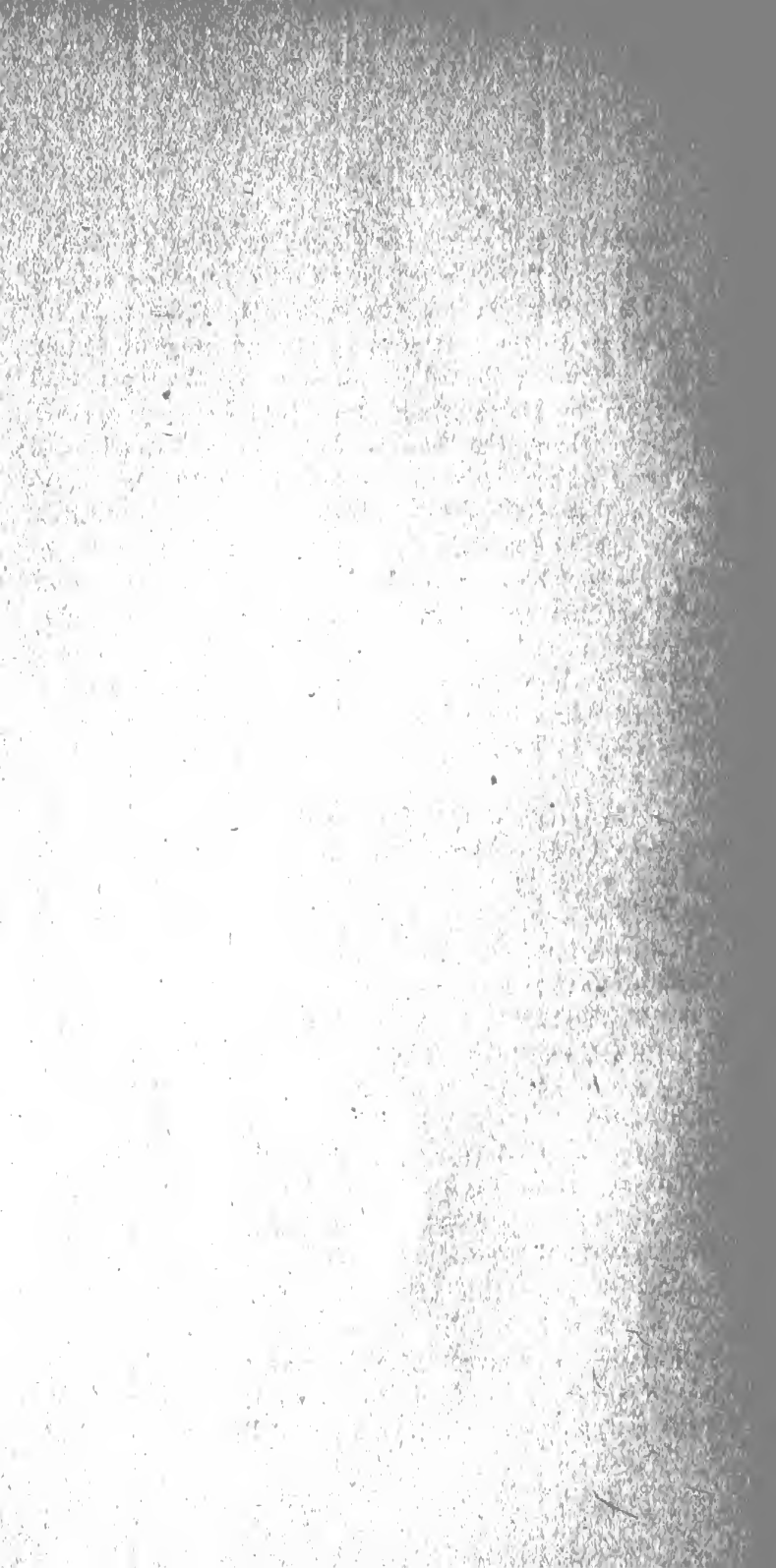
The fifth child was Elizabeth Putnam Paine, born at St. John, N. B., June 26, 1786, and who died unmarried April 30, 1810, at Worcester. Her body was removed, with those of her mother and father, from the Mechanic street grave-yard to the Rural Cemetery.

My father, the late Frederick William Paine, named for the King of Prussia, the youngest child of Dr. Paine, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, May 23, 1788, and remained in that town until he was six years old, when he removed with his parents to Worcester. I see by an old record, that he was baptised in St. Peter's church before he left his birthplace in Salem. He began his education at a famous dames' school, kept by Mrs. Higginson, the widow of John Higginson, who was fifth in descent from Rev. Francis Higginson, pastor of the first church in Salem, but where he continued his school life in Worcester, I have no means of knowing. When he was fourteen years old, he corrected the proof-sheets of the first Greek Testament published in North America. The following year, 1803, he entered an advanced class in Harvard College. But at the end of nine months he exchanged an academical for a commercial life. At this time the standard of scholarship at Harvard was not a high one, and I have heard him say, that he knew more than his teachers did, and that he spent most of his college life playing checkers. In 1819, he received an "Honorary Degree" from the College. Up to 1818 Mr. Paine was engaged in mercantile pursuits.



In 1806, he made a voyage as supercargo round the world, visiting the northwest coast, and China, returning to this country in 1809. It was the custom in those days for vessels to go to the northwest coast, and there to obtain a cargo of furs collected by an agent on the spot, and take them to China, where they brought large prices, and from there the vessels came home loaded with teas, and other Chinese goods. In 1812, he again made the same voyage, visiting the Philippine Islands and the Isle of France, returning to the United States in 1816. He had been on the northwest coast so much that he had acquired the language of the Indians and was able to converse in their dialect. In 1818 he went to Europe, where he resided for nearly five years, in the employ of Messrs. James and Thomas H. Perkins, living most of the time in London, but travelling at times on the continent.

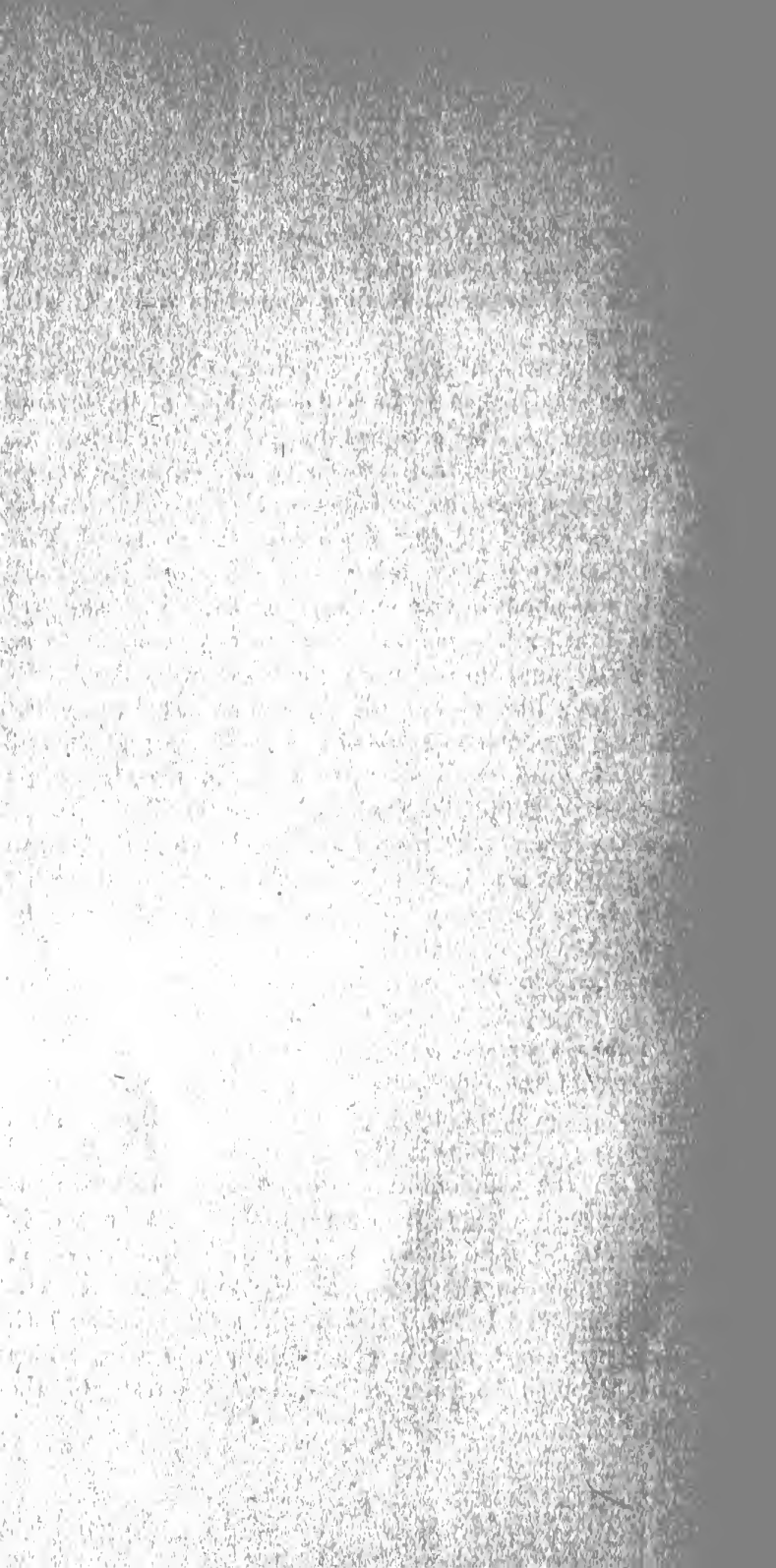
After his return to this country, he married on May 5, 1822, Ann Cushing Sturgis of Boston. In the winter of 1825 and 1826, Mr. Paine again went to London in the employ of the Messrs. Perkins, leaving his wife and one child with her father, Mr. Russell Sturgis. He returned home in the autumn of 1826, and from that time resided in Worcester at "The Oaks," he having a life interest in that estate, and with the exception of visits to his kinsfolk in Boston and Salem, rarely left home, devoting much of his time to town affairs. He was for many years, chairman of the board of selectmen; President of the Worcester County Mutual Fire Insurance Co.; and held other minor offices in banks and other institutions. He was one of the founders of The Horticultural Society, and one of its most active members in promoting its ends and aims. The Rural Cemetery, from its inception, was a great object of interest to Mr. Paine, and until the work was finished he rarely failed to spend a part of each afternoon there, superintending the workmen, and the laying out of the grounds. The



Antiquarian Society too claimed much of his attention, and for many years he was an active member, and up to the last was a collector of reading matter of value to that institution.

Mr. Paine was a very quiet person, and rarely spoke unless he was spoken to or had something of importance to communicate. He occupied much of his time in reading, and having a most retentive memory, and extensive knowledge of foreign countries, was always able to give information about "men and things," when asked to do so. I have heard that when some one in Lincoln street mentioned that he was about buying an encyclopedia, it was suggested to him that such a purchase was entirely unnecessary as "Mr. Paine went up and down the street every day." He had no long illness—was not as well as usual for a few days, was speaking to some one in the room and the end came. He died September 16, 1869, in his eighty-first year, and on September 20th after a short service at the house, the funeral took place from the church of the Second Parish, and he was laid at rest with his father and mother in the Rural Cemetery, over the formation of which he had watched so faithfully.

The *Worcester Evening Gazette* of Sept. 16, 1869, says: "We are unhappily compelled to record to-day the death of another venerable citizen. Frederick William Paine, Esq., one of the oldest, most respected and most public spirited men in Worcester, died very suddenly, this morning. The news of his death will occasion profound feelings of sorrow in the community, with which he had so long been identified. There have been other men more widely known abroad, and others perhaps more prominent at different times in the history of the city, but very few can be compared to Mr. Paine, in the solid services which he has performed, and in the untiring zeal with which he has labored to promote the best interests of the public."

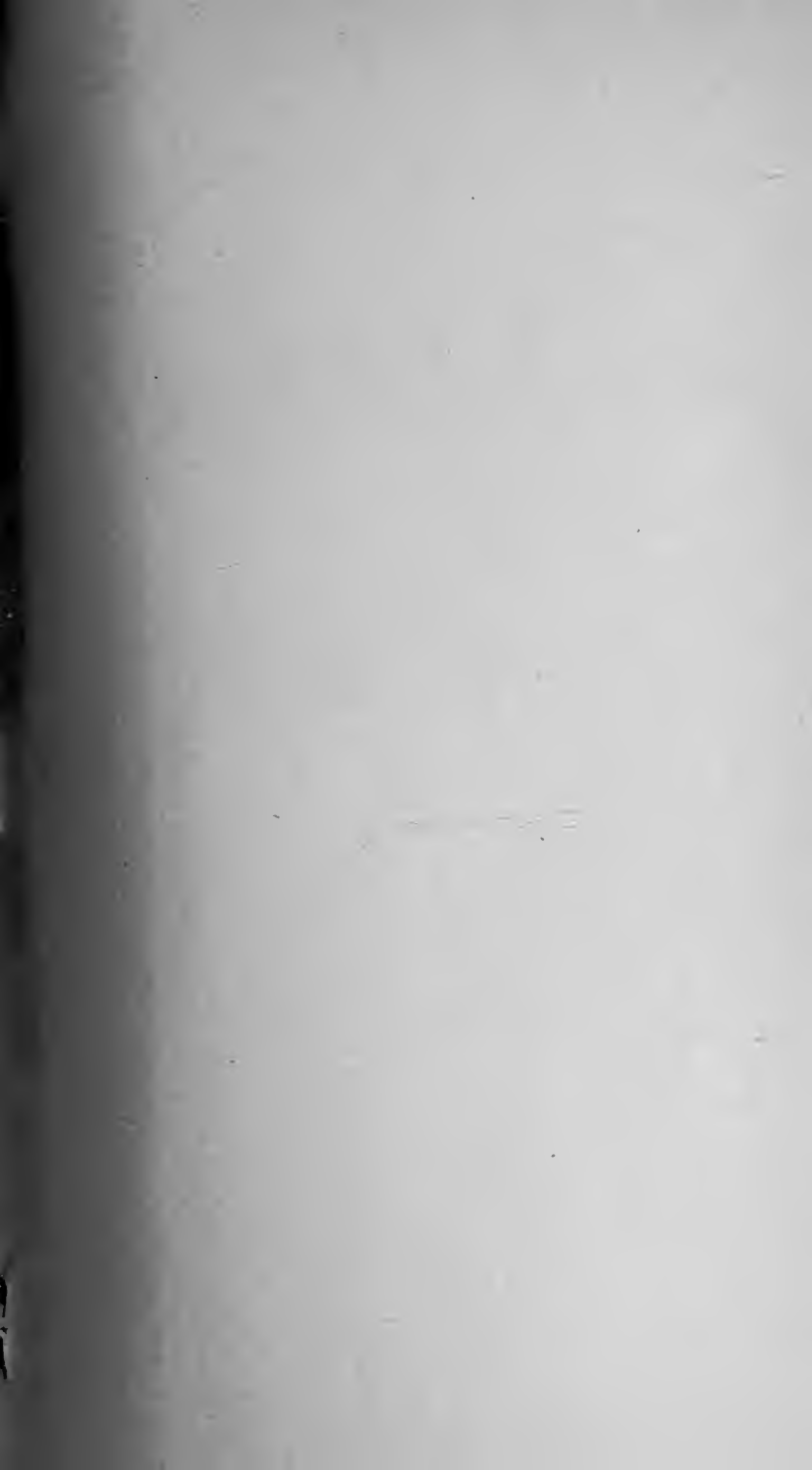


“And our names shall be forgotten in time, and no man shall have our works in remembrance, for our time is a very shadow that passeth away; and our life shall pass away as the trace of a cloud.”

—Songs of Solomon.








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